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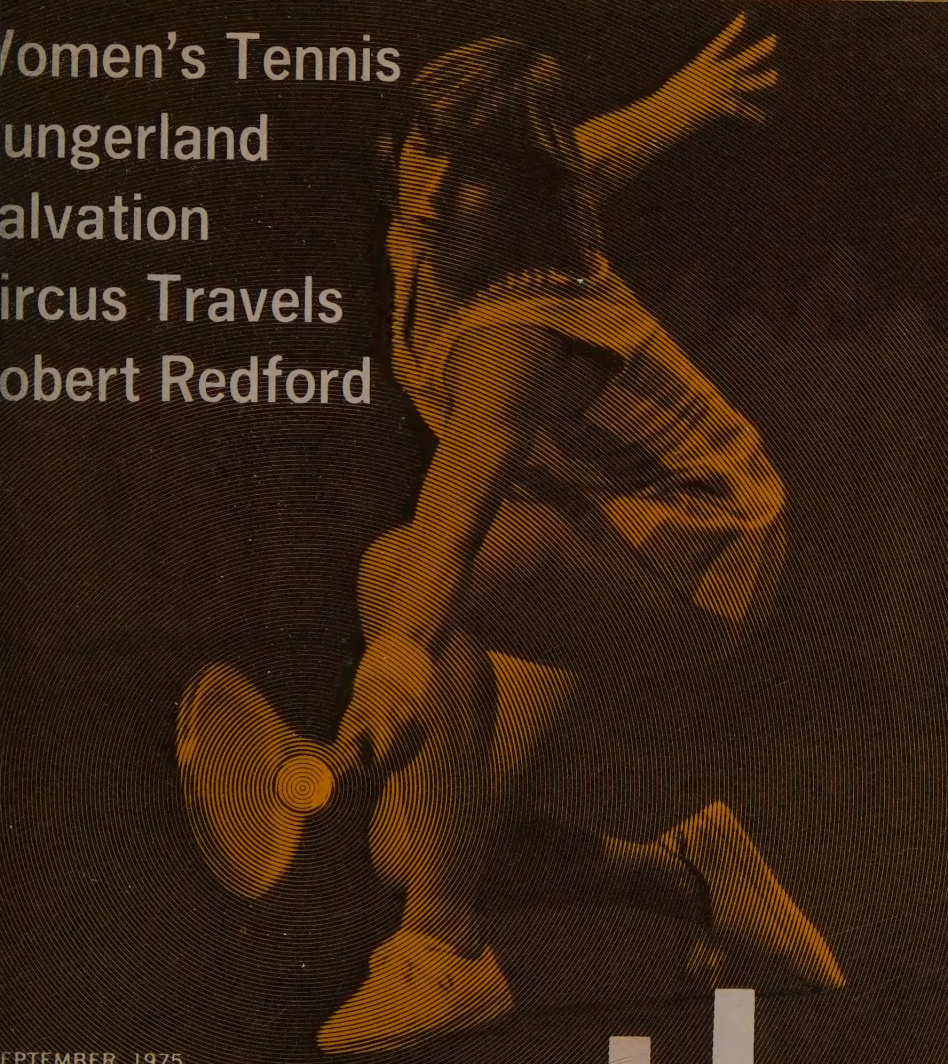

EPTEMBER 1975

youth

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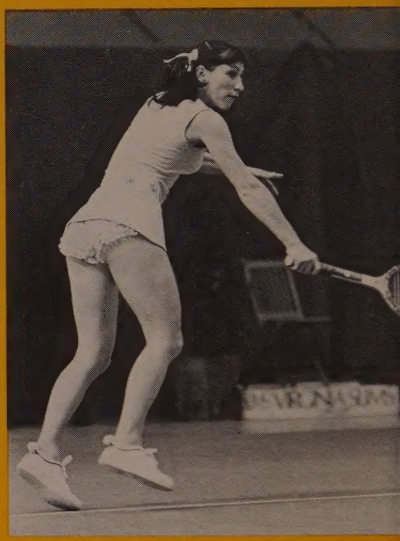

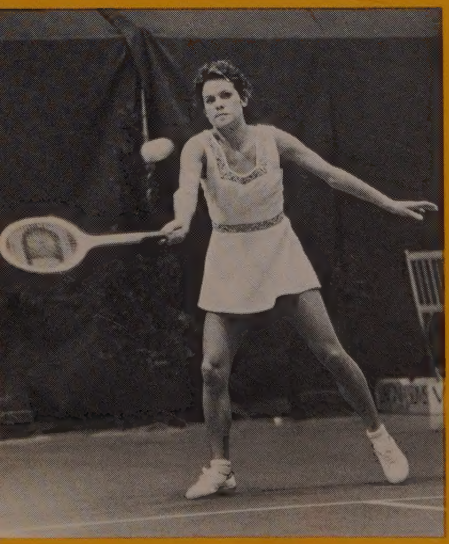

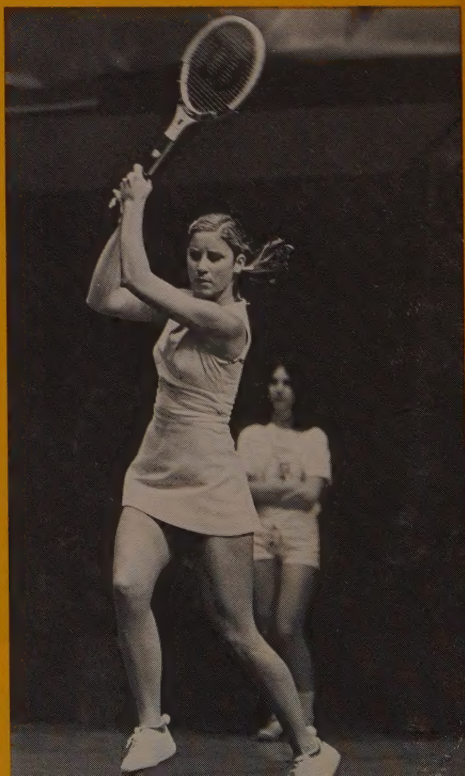

Martina Navratilova (upper left), Olga Morozova (upper right), Chris Evert (lower right) and Evonne Goolagong (lower left) all contribute power and style to the Slims tour.

ON COURT
four female pros

BY D. D. EISENBERG
PHOTOS BY BOB NAROD

Martina Navratilova, the 18-year-old Czechoslovakian tennis sensation, was in the locker room awaiting her next match in the Virginia Slims tournament. She opened her locker where she had 20 tape cassettes and a fancy tape deck stashed away and inserted her all-time favorite song, one by Elton John.

Martina is a rock freak. While some of the veteran players sit quietly in the corner of the room psyching themselves before a match, thinking over strategy techniques, the teen-age live wire is dancing her version of the American "bump," singing out the words in half English, half Czech.

"I guess it's the way I relax," said young Martina. "Sometimes when I'm playing a really hard match, like against Chris (Evert), I find myself singing the last song I heard in the locker room."

Whatever tactic she is using, it must be the right one. Martina was ranked tenth in the world last year and she terrorized the women's tour this year moving into second place in prize money standings with $115,163 just behind Chris Evert's $208,550 at the end of the winter-spring schedule.

"At the beginning of the year I wanted to be in the top five," said Martina, who came to the United States two years ago with little tournament experience, speaking

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Ms. D. D. Eisenberg is a sportswriter for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

Bob Narod is a free-lance photographer who has frequently worked for *YOUTH*.

youth magazine

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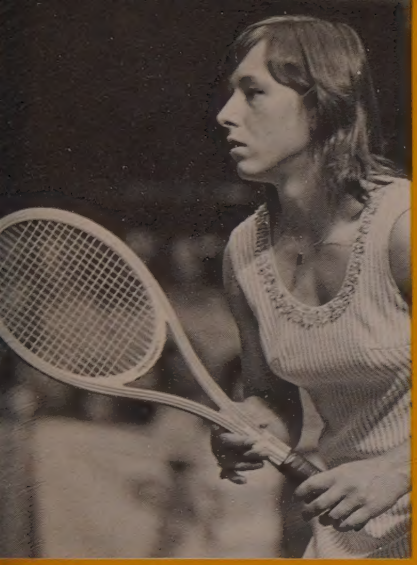
little English. "I didn't expect t
get this high."

She is without a doubt one of th
strongest women players sinc
Margaret Court. They don't call he
the left-handed Rocket from Rev
nice (a town of 6,000 located 1
miles from Prague) for nothing. Sh
became somewhat of a Superwoma
on the tour as she methodicall
whipped all the veterans with he
lethal serve that sizzles over the ne
at a piping 91.2 m.p.h. and her ag
gressive net game.

"I love to see people proud, a
most arrogant on the tennis cou
and with a lot of talent," said tenn
pro Julie Heldman after watchin
Martina mow down another playe

"She's like a cat. It's unbelievab
the way she can reach for ever
ball," said the Russian champio
Olga Morozova, who plays a simila
serve and volley game. "Even whe
I'm serving well, she is already
the net. She's not waiting for you
miss like some of the more cautiou
players. She wants to win the poi
herself."

They call that great yen to w
every point the killer instinct
tennis. Martina didn't develop th
instinct by accident. She comes fro
a tennis-playing family whose trad
tion stretches back 30 years whe
her grandmother ranked second
Czechoslovakia. Both of her parent
are tennis administrators and whe
she is not hitting practice balls wi
her father ("I clobber him all th
time"), she works with Geor



Martina Navratilova

"Martina's like a cat. She's not waiting for you to miss—she wants to win the point herself."

Parma who teaches tennis in Palm Springs and White Plains, N.Y.

Martina is not only one of the most improved players in the tour, she is also one of the most well adjusted. When she's not off listening to rock or pop music during the wait-out periods between matches or tackling a game of backgammon with her doubles partner, Chris Evert, she's off on the road in a foreign city in search of the best ice cream with her tennis idol, Billie Jean King. "We're both ice cream . . . what you call it? . . . freaks? We don't only have the same style of play and emotions on the court, but we also have the same tastes in food," gloated Martina, who works out with Billie Jean whenever possible.

Even though Martina has been receiving the royal treatment from the press and public now that her picture has been plastered on the covers of sports magazines, she is still a teenager and admits to spells of homesickness. "I try to call my parents every week," she said. "But it's not a very easy way to live."

"My parents were never really excited about the idea of my leaving home. They did not think tennis a suitable career for a young Czech woman, even though I had won the first of three national championships in my country. They said I should finish my studies at the University so that I could later get a steady job," recalled Martina.

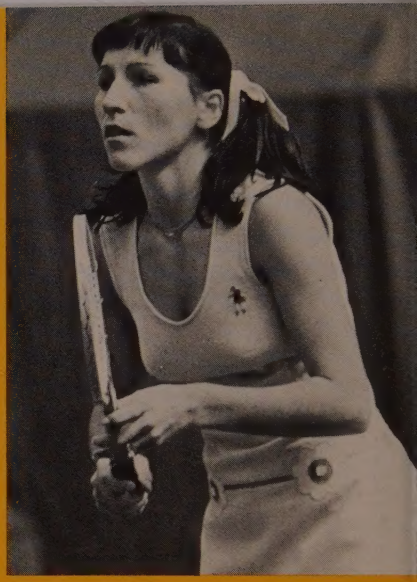
But she remained stubborn and determined on pursuing her goal—to be a tennis star, preferably number one in the world. She quit school when she learned that her senior exams would conflict with the U.S. Open at Forest Hills, N.Y. and claims she does not regret her decision as long as she keeps winning.

But she not only lost the chance to finish school, she also lost her longstanding boyfriend. "He just could not take it any longer, my being absent for so long a time," said Martina. "He said if I couldn't

spend more time with him, he would date other girls, and that was that."

Perhaps the most refreshing part of Martina's personality is not just her sincere love for the sport but her sincere lack of love for the money. This will be the first year she has been allowed to keep any of her earnings. Two years ago the Czech tennis federation gave Martina, still an amateur, a $12-a-day allowance whether she won or lost. Last year it was increased to $17-a-day and this year she keeps half of her total earnings, 20 percent goes to the federation and 30 percent to the Internal Revenue Service.

"It's not so bad," said Martina. "You Americans are so money mad. It all seems so crazy. I would play tennis whether I received an allowance or not."



Olga Morozova

"By traveling I learn more about the world. I meet all kinds of people. I make my own opinions."

Olga Morozova, the 27-year-old Russian star feels the same way. She turns over all her prize money to the Russian tennis federation. Last year's earnings reached $45,575 and this year, only halfway through the year, she had already collected $47,288. Money has never been an underlying incentive for Russian athletes.

"In the Soviet Union, we have no professionals," said Olga. "Anything we win goes back to the federation. There is no difference between men's and women's prize money o problems with inequality like yo have here. Alex Metreveli, the num ber one male tennis player in ou country and I get the same allow ance—$17 a day."

The real hardship for Olga, how ever, is the soaring phone bills whe she calls her husband in Mosco twice a week while on the three month Slims tour. "The federatio doesn't pay for that," she said a b begrudgingly.

Although Margaret Court con

ats the phone bill problem by tour-
ng with her husband and two chil-
lren, Olga, who uses her maiden
ame in tennis competition, does
ot advocate that lifestyle.

"I think it's important for Victor
o have his own job and own place
n the world," said the Russian
hampion whose husband, Victor
Rubenova, teaches electrical engi-
neering at the University of Moscow.
"He was once a junior tennis
hampion in the top 20 but realized
e would never be good enough to
pend the rest of his life doing just
hat. Anyway, I wouldn't want him
ollowing me around all the time.
He'd get bored," said Morozova
naking a funny face at the thought
f the idea.

Although Olga finally finished her
legree in physical education at the
Jniversity of Moscow in January,
he plans to give tennis all she's got
efore she considers retiring to
each. "When I realize there is no
nore room for improvement and I
m not playing consistently well,
hat's when I will maybe go back
ome and teach the sport to others,"
aid Olga.

Right now she has no reason to
eave. Although she did not win any
ournaments on the Slims circuit
his year, she was a threatening
uarterfinalist in the majority of
ournaments. Voted Most Improved
layer of 1974 by a tennis maga-
ine, she reached the finals at Wim-
ledon and the French Open. She
ained immediate acclaim when she
upset Billie Jean King in the Slims of Philadelphia tournament last year. She charmed the city with her candid post-match interviews and her colorful display of acrobatics on court—with her pigtails flying and her sensational dives for seemingly irretrievable shots.

Olga is one of the most expressive women on the tour. Her hands flap wildly when she gets excited telling one of her crazy stories about a shopping adventure, a sightseeing tour, or a children's television show, which she claims has helped to improve her English.

Although Olga has collected a mass of fans in the States, she is much less appreciated in her own country. In Russia the only REAL nationally-acclaimed heroine named Olga is the one who performs back flips on a four-inch wide beam.

"It's not easy being an Olga in Russia," admitted Olga. "Unlike the U.S. where there are 34 million people playing tennis, in Russia we have only 50,000. It makes me a little upset when I win a big tournament like the one against Billie Jean and no one really cares back home. I've been in the top ten for three years now. That's not so bad, do you think? But I love this sport and just hope it will catch there soon, like gymnastics."

Unlike most of the Russian athletes who compete internationally, Olga travels without a chaperone or bodyguard and seems to feel free to speak about herself, her country and

her role as a Russian athlete.

"There is no doubt that tennis has changed my life," said Olga. "As a child, tennis was good for my discipline. All my minutes were taken up so I didn't get into any mischief. By traveling, I learn more about the world. I meet all kinds of people. I make my own opinions." She credits the sport for her increased self-awareness.

Unlike Martina who was born into a tennis family and handed a racket at age five, Olga fell into the sport accidentally.

"I saw my first tennis racket the day my next door neighbor dropped by to show it to me. I had never seen anything like it. Everyone I knew always played soccer or hockey. He showed me how to hit against a garage door in the back alley of our street. Soon we had the whole neighborhood of kids batting balls against garage doors sharin one tennis racket. We even worke out regular matches after schoo until it was too dark to see th balls," recalled Olga.

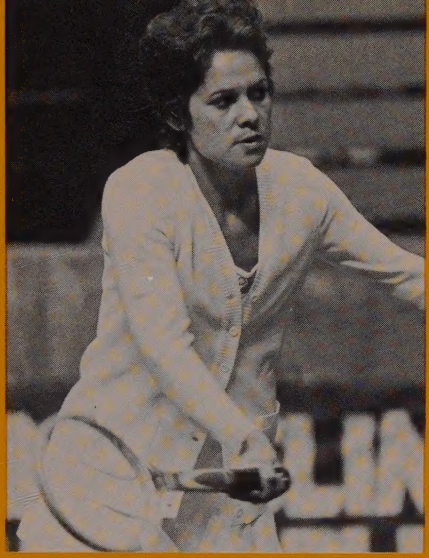
Finally Olga's neighbor convince her to join a tennis club nearb where he promised there would b more rackets. She was only ten a the time and had the good fortun to meet Nina Tepliakova, one o Russia's finest coaches. Miss Teplia kova, now 70 years old, taught Olg her serve and volley game an strenthened her body with a dis ciplined conditioning program.

Olga became national champio of Leningrad at 14. At 15 she ha beaten all the old veteran wome players and earned the chance t represent her country at Jr. Wim bledon which she won at 16.

"I had never been out of th country and there I was in Londo

ith Alex Metreveli, who was five
ears older than me. It was the first
me I had ever seen Billie Jean
ing. Ohhhh, mama mia! I thought
myself, if she is a champ she
ust be made of something special,"
id Olga who still gets excited when
e recalls the story. "Of course now
know her. I see she is normal and
al just like me.

"Everytime I think about how I
t started in tennis, I think about
hat my cousin told me when I
st asked my family if I could
arn the sport and take lessons. He
id I would never last, that I was
o impatient and not very steady.
e figured I would play a few times
d forget about it," said Olga as
e shook her head and cracked a
ile. "I played one month, then
o and now it's been 15 years I've
ayed this sport!"



Evonne Goolagong

"Evonne just flowed around the court. She was the kind of natural you see once in a lifetime."

Perhaps the most aloof and mys-
rious of the four young tennis
ars on the women's tour is 23-year-
d Evonne Goolagong, the half-
origine from a wheat village in
arellan, 350 miles west of Sydney,
ustralia.

Her discovery story is strictly
ollywood material. She was "dis-
vered" by tennis coach Vic Ed-
ards' assistant who helps him run
nnis clinics throughout Australia.
e assistant had seen young
vonne hitting balls on a rutted court overgrown with weeds and chickens in her home town of 500 residents. He took one look at her game and knew he had stumbled on a potential champion.

"She just flowed around the court," said assistant Colin Swan later. "She was the kind of natural you see once in a lifetime. She didn't know how to make her shots, of course, but she was always there, in the right place, without ever thinking about it."

When he told Edwards about his

"find," Edwards drove to the tiny village, watched her play and suggested she practice with her older brother until he returned the following year to check her progress.

He did return and was impressed enough to ask her parents if he could take Evonne, now 14, back to Sydney to live with his wife and five daughters where she could work out year round. Her father, who was recently killed in an automobile accident, worked as a sheep shearer, wheatgrader, fruitpicker and auto mechanic. Her mother, who is illiterate, takes care of three of the eight children who still live at home. Although they knew she would be missed, the Goolagongs consented.

Edwards, longtime famous for his coaching abilities, arranged for elocution lessons as well as the best tennis competition he could find. He even enrolled his newly-adopted daughter in a secretarial school just in case she did not excel in the sport and would have a back-up vocation.

But he knew she would. By the time she was 16, she had won all the Australian state junior and national titles and Edwards was brashly predicting she would win Wimbledon by 1974.

Evonne surprised both Edwards and herself when she defeated Margaret Court in 1971 before more than 15,000 spectators at Wimbledon and she was only 19 years old.

Goolagong has been described as a panther on the court—one who seems to exert little energy but anticipates so well that she is able t reach any ball anywhere on th court with such grace and ease tha it can easily bewilder her opponent

One observer claimed she mu have ice water in her veins becaus she never looks perturbed. In fac at times she doesn't even look lik she's trying, she's so relaxed.

But her casualness is deceiving.

"Evonne is difficult to pla against," said Chris Evert. "Yo have to dictate the pattern all th time. You can't let down wit Evonne. She can hot streak at an time."

Evonne has won all the majo titles—Wimbledon, French, Italia Australian. The only title she missing is the U.S. Open where sh has been runner-up for the past tw years. Her only real hangup th has caused her to lose key match and maybe top ranking is when sh develops a case of the "wal abouts," an aborigine term she us to describe her lapses of concentr tion when she'll start forgetting t score of the game, miss easy sho or continually double fault.

Fortunately for Evonne, the wal abouts do not occur often and a though she is only sixth in the ear ings with $67,350 after the winte spring schedule, she has not lost h love for the sport. "I never thi about how much I've earned or ho much I'm gonna earn as long as takes me to the places I want to go said Evonne. "If I didn't play ten in the first place, I wouldn't ha

aveled and done all I've done . . .
d still be in the country some-
here, probably married with ten
ds."

"They say I don't have the killer
stinct," said Evonne who seldom
lks with press after a match be-
use her surrogate father/coach
hisks her back to the hotel to avoid
ersonal questions. "I just happen
love the game. I don't allow
ings to upset me."

Evonne also happens to love
ings besides tennis and makes a
bit of staying away from tennis-
iented conversations. She'll go off
d sightsee or take along her tran-
stor and listen to music. When
e's back home in Australia her
ggest kick is to hop in a van with
bunch of friends and go beach
mming.

Chris Evert

"I love tennis. I haven't seen any of the money. It's a wonderful feeling to know it's there, but our life hasn't changed at all."

If there is any tennis player who needs no introduction it is 21-year-old Chris Marie Evert who has replaced Billie Jean King as the number one tennis player in the world. After winning both the Virginia Slims Championship with a first prize of $40,000 and the World Series of Women's Tennis, sponsored by a hosiery company with a first prize of $50,000, her bank account has swelled to a whopping $208,550. And that's before she even started defending last year's

tournament titles at Wimbledon, French, Italian, Canadian and U.S. Open.

Despite all the hoopla that surrounds Chris Evert, she has remained surprisingly untouched. That is due partially to her family's down-home attitudes. Her father, James Evert, still serves as tennis pro at the public courts in Ft. Lauderdale teaching lessons for $4 an hour. He and Ms. Evert continue to raise their children in a strict Roman Catholic environment where Sundays are saved for church services as well as tennis practice days.

It was James Evert who taught his five children how to keep their cool on court. "I've been trying to control the highs and low," said Chris. "Dad shows no emotion. He would send me off the court if I didn't control my temper. If anyone of us threw our rackets and broke them, we had to pay for a new one. I guess you might say he taught us discipline."

It's just that natural complacency that has helped Chris Evert stay on top while other players blow their cool throwing rackets, screaming at linesmen and disrupting the flow of the game to their disadvantage. While other players may be wringing wet with sweat dribbling down their faces, Chris always looks as if she just stepped off the cover of *Seventeen Magazine*. But she is a competitive, patient and confident player. When she bites her lip, slaps her thigh, or clinches her fist in her

quiet, unassuming way, you kno
she is mad and trying to psyche he
self up.

There is a lot of pressure on Chri
right now. Because she is ranke
number one, the press and publi
constantly badger her when she doe
not win. She is often criticized fo
her boring, mechanical, almost winc
up doll style of play where sh
stands at the baseline slugging awa
forehands and backhands with tha
now-famous two-fisted style.

The press dubbed her The Ic
Maiden because nothing seemed t
distract her. A player could slam a
unbelievable forehand smash dee
in her corner and the Cinderella i
sneakers would simply slam it bac
just as hard. She would remain ex
pressionless while her opponen
stood across the net in disbelief.

"They say my game is boring
admitted Chris. "I'm trying to ex
periment and come to the net mo
often, not just for the public bu
also for myself. I'm tired of sittin
at the baseline hitting groundstroke
I've been doing that for 14 yea
(that means since she was six) an
I'd like to try something new."

That's what she always says-
that she wants to add a little razz
dazzle to her game, especially sin
Billie Jean King, the biggest ha
of them all, is retiring from the w
men's tour. But when it gets dow
to a serious match, she always r
verts back to percentage tenn
where she hangs around the baseli
feeling comfortable and confident

"My cousin said I would never last—that I was too impatient and not very ready. Now it's been 15 years I've played this sport."

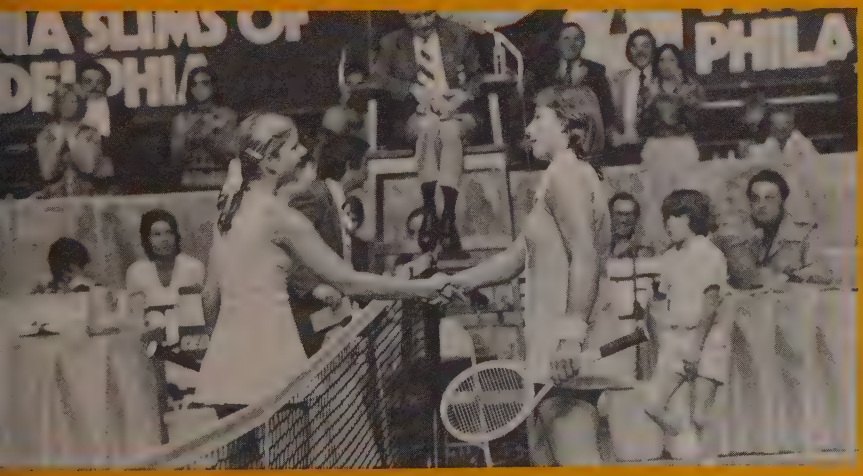
"All I need is about three months of serve and volley practice," she said. "Maybe if I can find the time to take off in November and December next year, I'll give it a stab. But I lack the confidence to do it now or I'd lose every match."

That is doubtful. Although she has not been wiping up the victories as often as she did last year, she has been playing consistently well—well enough to remain the top player and money winner in a cast of characters who comprise the greatest depth in women's tennis. But it's not the money that lures her back.

"I am in tennis because I love it," she said. "I haven't seen any of the money. It's a wonderful feeling to know it's there, but our life hasn't changed at all. We've always been comfortable. My father works very hard but he's not a big businessman type at all."

In fact it has been her father who constantly urges his daughter to keep things in perspective, even though he was once a competitor ranked 11th nationally among the men in 1943.

Today, the number-one-ranked male tennis player, Jimmy Connors, has been very much a part of Chris Evert's life. Although their publicized engagement broke off, they are constantly in each other's company.



"In two or three years I may be all burned out. I can't see playing this tour at 25. It takes a lot out of you."

The problem is that the public is constantly in their company, too!

"We both realize we have our own careers," said Chris. "Jimmy knows that mine is as important to me as his is to him. He is very considerate that way."

Both have definitely matured within the last year, not only in their tennis game but also in their feelings toward each other.

Chris no longer travels with her mother Colette who served as her chaperone on the tour. Now the only one in the family who travels with Chris is her younger sister Jeanne who finally made it to the big tour after suffering in the "The Swamp," a term players use to mean the mini-circuit where players work up to the major tour by winning tournaments.

Although the sisters are close, it hasn't been easy for 17-year-old Jeanne who is constantly overshadowed by her big sister. "It's been tough for Jeanne but she earned a place on this tour," said Chris who practices with her daily. "It's hard when I'm always in the spo light and doing well. I try to he her with her game, but you have know each other's moods and whe to give criticism and when not t When she grows (she's only 5- and loses some weight, I'm sure h game will improve even more."

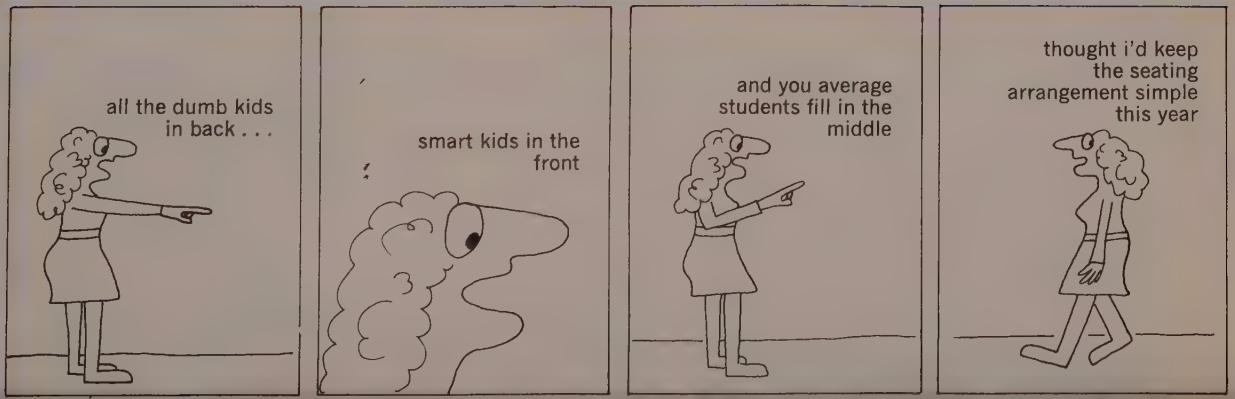
Chris had a hard time hers breaking into the tour. She appear five years ago as Miss Americ Apple Pie, threatening some of t more established players like Bil Jean and Margaret Court. She w too young to have experienced t inequities of playing on the ba courts for $600 prize money, whi the men played on the front cou for three times that much.

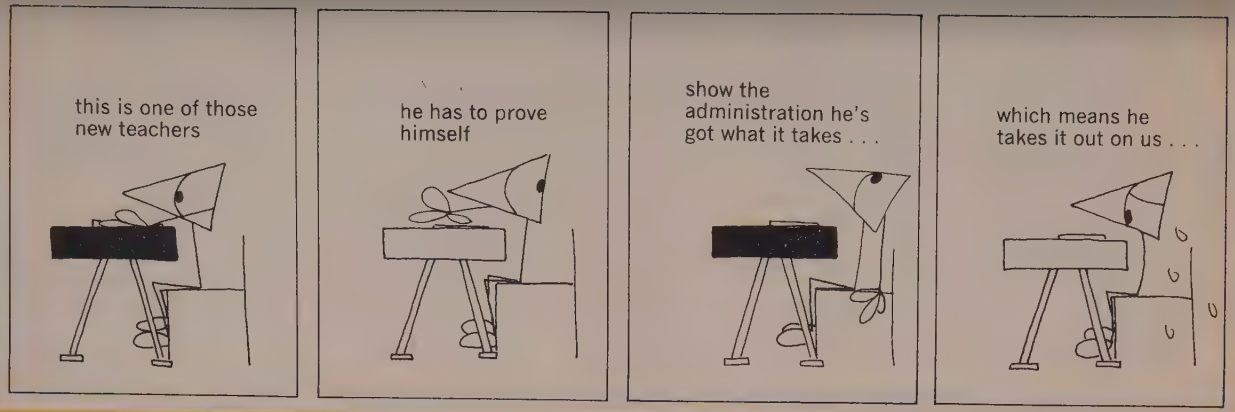
"I'm definitely more aware of r rights," said Chris. "I feel I ha grown a lot with the help of Bil Jean and the others." She claims s does not regret turning pro aft high school. "My friends are all college, some are married. Thr years ago I considered going to c lege but I chose pro tennis instea Naturally I'd like to repeat my vi tories, but in two or three years may be all burned out. I can't s playing this tour at 25. It takes lot out of you," she said.

"Then maybe I'll consider goi to college. But right now, I'm doi exactly what I want to do. W should I give that up?"

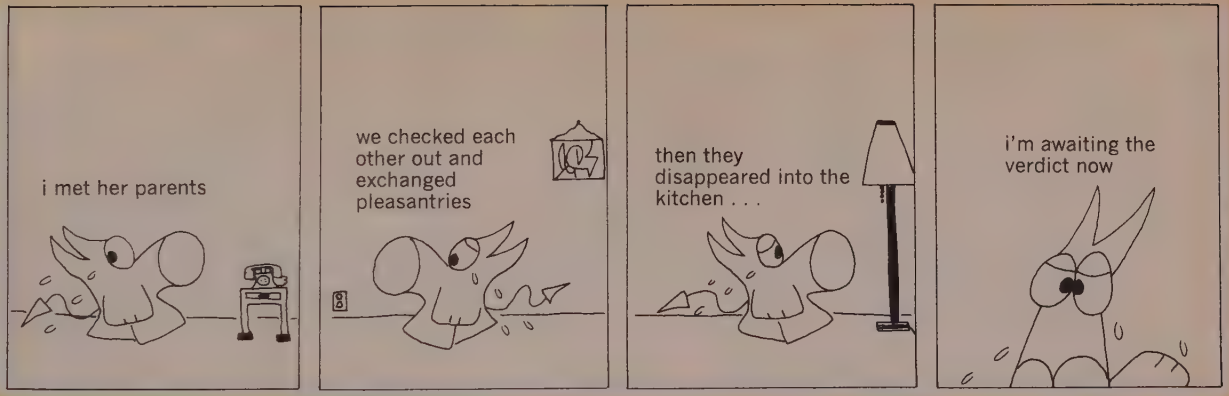
THE FALL LINEUP

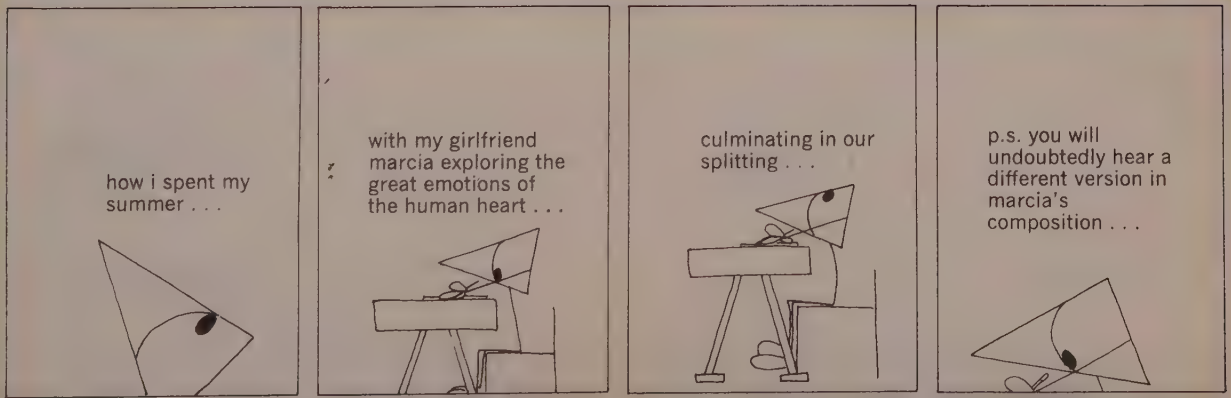
a collection of transparencies by Doug Brunner

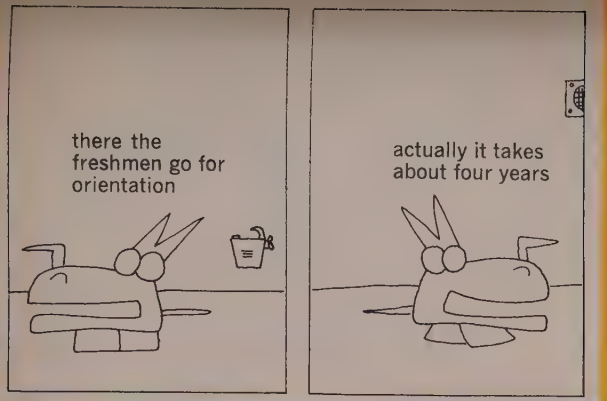


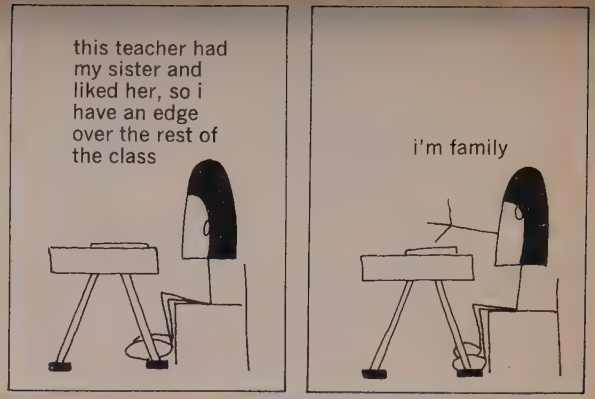

this is one of those new teachers
he has to prove himself
show the administration he's got what it takes . . .
which means he takes it out on us . . .

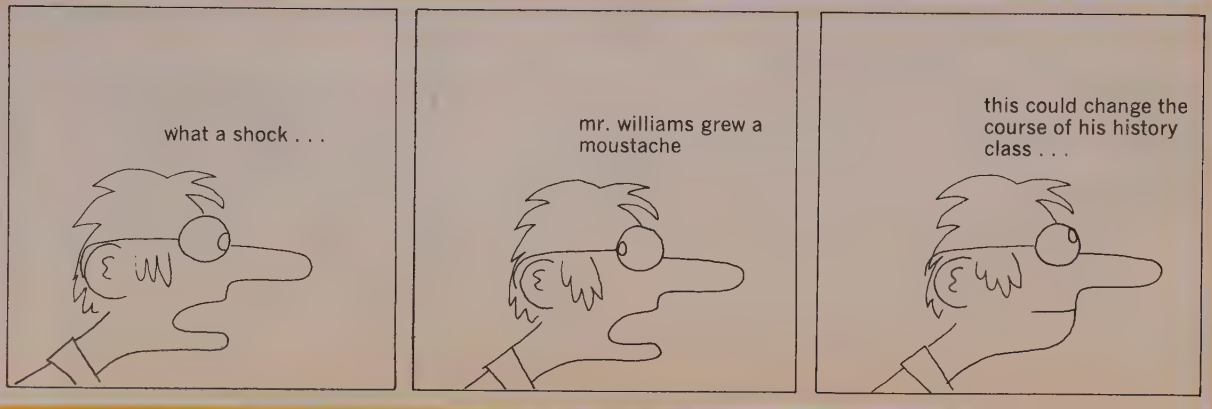
a teacher has to be many things
but first of all
employed


i met her parents
we checked each other out and exchanged pleasantries
then they disappeared into the kitchen . . .
i'm awaiting the verdict now


how i spent my summer . . .
with my girlfriend marcia exploring the great emotions of the human heart . . .
culminating in our splitting . . .
p.s. you will undoubtedly hear a different version in marcia's composition . . .


there the freshmen go for orientation
actually it takes about four years

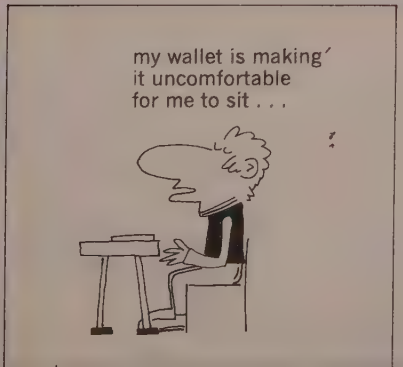

this teacher had my sister and liked her, so i have an edge over the rest of the class
i'm family


what a shock . . .
mr. williams grew a moustache
this could change the course of his history class . . .

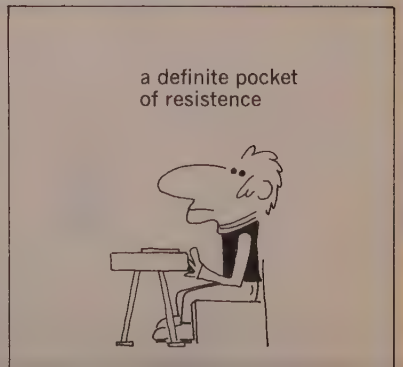
look at that
beautiful leaf . . .

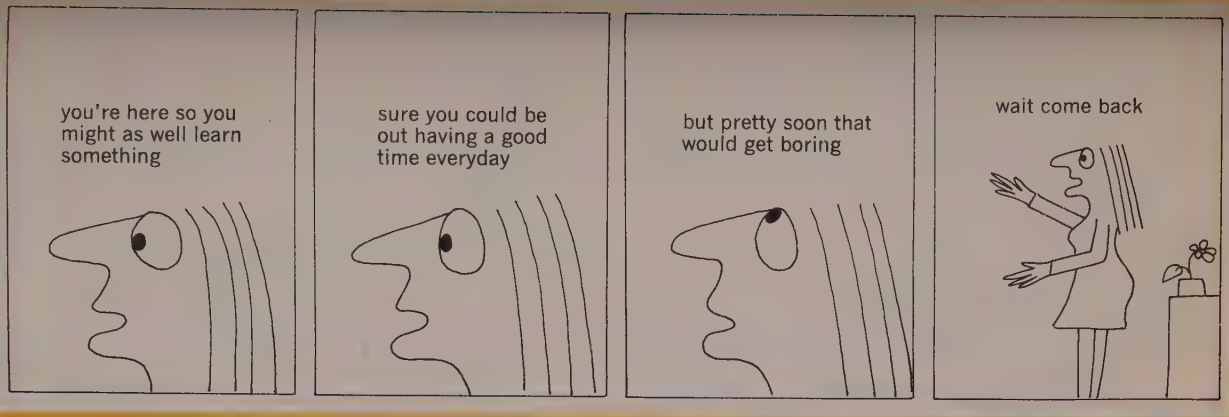
with a tiny insect
on it . . .

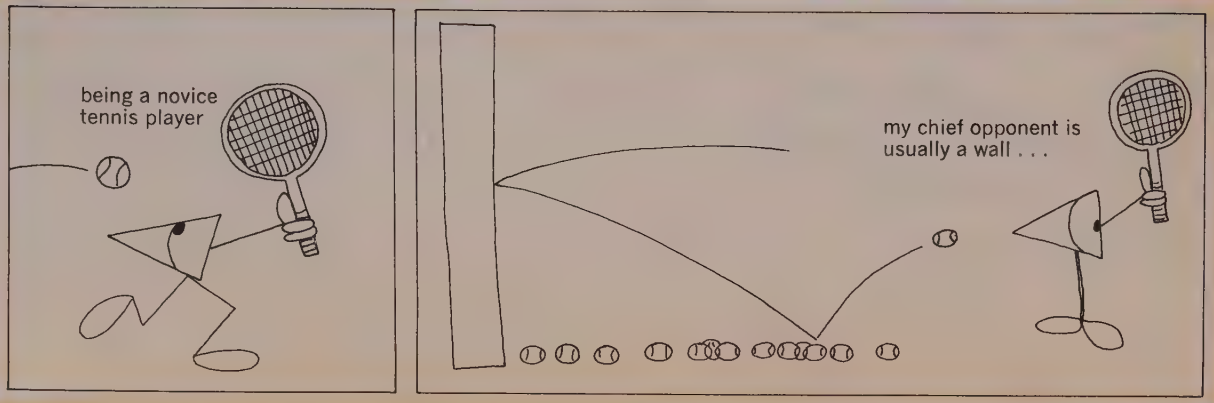
hang gliding


my wallet is making
it uncomfortable
for me to sit . . .

and my comb is
jabbing into me


a definite pocket
of resistence


you're here so you might as well learn something
sure you could be out having a good time everyday
but pretty soon that would get boring
wait come back


being a novice tennis player
my chief opponent is usually a wall . . .

THERE'S MORE TO NATURE THAN MEETS THE EYE

INTERVIEW AND PHOTOS BY BOB KRUEGER

Had you ever thought of a nature trail for the blind? Bob Lewis did. In Aspen, Colo., along the Roaring Fork River in the White River National Forest, he laid out such a precedent-setting nature trail which wanders for a quarter mile over a glacial moraine, across a sphagnum bog, along a riverside, through a forest, and then crosses a stream. Strategically placed along the way are 23 "stations" with metal plaques in Braille giving an ecologist's description of each location, telling how it relates to the overall environment and explaining some of its unique characteristics.

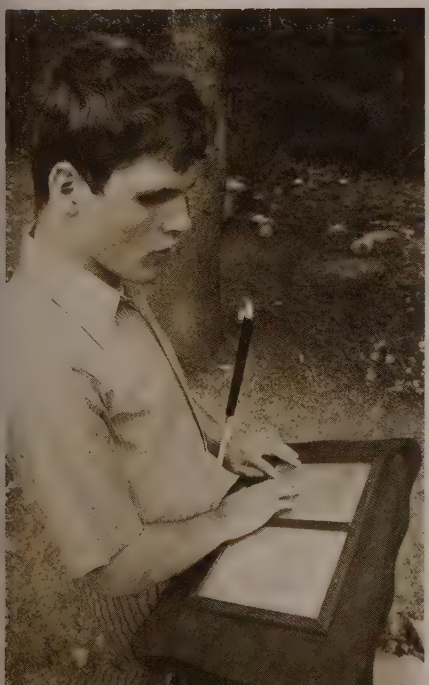
Six years ago, when this trail was set up, it was the first of its kind. Since then the number of these trails has increased to over 4 throughout the United States. Th metal plaques not only describe th area in Braille but in roman lette as well. There are wires stretche along the sides of the trail so tha the blind can guide themselves alon the trail independently. And the de scriptions given at each of the sta tions concentrate on senses othe than sight to inform the reader abou her or his surroundings.

Although the Aspen Braille Tra has only been in existence for s years, the influence it has had ha been tremendous. According to Bo Lewis, the original force behind th concept of the self-guided Brail Trail, "There are at least 40 trai that we know of throughout th U.S. We suspect that there may b as many as 20 more that we don know about. Obviously all these pe

Bob Krueger is a Colorado photographer whose articles have appeared in *YOUTH*.

BOB LEWIS:

"After reading a book about the life of Louis Braille, I was very much impressed by the fact that a person could really distinguish a great deal about nature with his or her hands, nose and ears. For a long time I had been wanting to do a self-guiding trail for sighted people. After reading about Louis Braille, it occurred to me that Aspen would be the ideal place to do a nature trail for blind people. Originally my dream was to have a whole system of trails all over the country which blind people could visit on vacation, trail after trail."



STEVE DAVIS:

"A lot of people either overestimate the blind or underestimate them. The Colorado School for the Blind stresses independence quite a bit, because you can't depend on everybody. The blind are doing a lot more than they used to, because there are many more opportunities opening up . . . If something is a challenge to me, it's a good thing. There's a lot of the blind who don't get out, and for them a Braille Trail would be a really good thing. Such a trail should be one that sighted people could use, too. I guess what I'm trying to say is that as long as it's interesting or a challenge to a sighted person, then it's good for the blind."

"I would like to see somebody do a water trail. Swamp are exciting places, full of sounds and odors!"

ple didn't hear about the trail in Aspen. They heard about one that was near them and then they decided to do one there. This was our hope all the time—that the idea would spin off."

Today there are trails in Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Arizona, New Mexico, New York, Georgia, Texas, Florida, California, Ohio, South Carolina, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Virginia.

One of the interesting aspects of establishing a Braille Trail is that they don't have to be confined to those areas of the country we traditionally think of as "scenic"—the coasts or mountains. Every area—whether scenic or not—has interesting aspects to its eco-system and some amount of wildlife. Bob Lewis feels that the river bottoms of Nebraska or South Dakota would be ideal places for trails. He points out that, "you're dealing with micro-habitats and micro-climates in a trail of this kind."

Then he adds, "I would like to see somebody do a water trail. Something that blind people could follow in a canoe or rowboat with a guide. The guide could do the navigating, but the blind perso could handle the paddle; and the could stop at various points wher there would be a sign in Braill describing the eco-system. Swamp are exciting places, full of sound and odors!

While Lewis' concern for adapt ing an outdoors concept to the spec ial needs of blind people is eviden he's equally emphatic in his concer that these efforts should not disinte grate into patronizing gestures to ward a handicapped group.

"Blind people are extremely in dependent. They like to do every thing they can for themselves," h asserts. "I'd like to caution anybod who is thinking of doing a trail fo the blind that they shouldn't just d it in the spirit of doing somethin *for* blind people, but rather *wit* blind people.

"There are a number of agencie and blind people who would be abl and willing to help. But it has to b something that's not just for blin people, because they don't like to b segregated in any way. The wouldn't even use it if they thoug it was just for blind people. should be a trail for sighted peop as well, and the messages should b in roman letters as well as Braille s

that a sighted person can read them too. There are many people who would benefit from viewing nature at a little closer range and in a little more detail. The experience we've had with the Braille Trail in Aspen is that there are many more sighted people who use the trail than blind people, and we knew that when we built it."

Lewis feels that young people could well undertake the establishment of a Braille Trail in their local area. With the authority born of first-hand experience, he says, "You can start out by yourself, if you have enough interest, drive and knowledge about the natural environment. The areas in the countryside near large urban centers are preferable since the half million blind people in the U.S. are more or less evenly distributed throughout the population.

"When I first got the idea for a Braille Trail, I came up here and laid out and planned a trail over the most interesting route. I stretched some string along the trail as a sort of guideline, and indicated some of the things we would talk about.

"If you need some help in discovering and recognizing the kinds of things you'd like to share with blind people, then you might need the help of a biologist—preferably a field biologist—who is ecologically oriented. If you're going to lay out

The trail hiker is encouraged to inhale, touch, listen to, and even taste nature.

"Our hope all the time was that the idea of a Braille Tra
would spin off and others would be started

a route on private land, it's imperative to get full permission of the owner before you begin.

"In doing the Aspen trail, the logical person to ask for permission actually to do the trail was the ranger," the former biology and science teacher continued. "When I showed it to him, he gave me immediate support and thought it was a really good idea.

"Then I got together some other biology teachers and an ecologist and we wrote the biological descriptions. The copy was later edited by the Forest Service.

"We got the biology class of one of the local schools to come up and help rough out the trail. Then we got the Forest Service interested in building a bridge across the river. We got the Job Corps to make the signs. The first year we had Braille signs made out of plastic, which were later replaced with aluminum. These were typewritten on a Braille typewritter at the School for the Blind in Colorado Springs. So you can see it was really a joint effort," he explained with a smile.

"There are many places young people could approach others with the idea of creating a Braille Trail —private land, city parks, national parks," he went on. "The Bure of Land Management, and the Fo est Service has demonstrated th they believe in trails for the blind

"To help in getting suppo young people might contact son of the local blind organizatio These can be found in the pho book. The American Foundation f the Blind or the National Brail Press should be able to help identifying organizations for t blind. And local Lions or Rota clubs have been working wi handicapped persons for years."

After talking with Bob Lewis, followed the trail myself, along wi Steve Davis, for its quarter-m length. I was struck by seve things. First, I was surprised how much I learned from readi the printed plaques. We were e couraged to inhale nature's odo to feel, hear and even taste natu Then I was struck by what an o portunity for independent learni and experience this would afford t blind. Finally, I was struck by t simplicity of the whole concept. was a surprising pleasure to lea that there is more to nature th meets the eye—that all of on senses must respond for total a preciation of what nature offers.

James Hicks

MUSIC MAKING FOR MORAVIAN CONVO

BY HERMAN C. AHRENS, JR.

"I was sitting in my car on 30th Street for an hour and a half, which is a game you have to play in parking your car in the city," the urban minister smiles as he recalls the writing of one of the songs to his latest musical. "I had a pad and pencil with me and I knew I needed a song for the show. And it just started to come to me."

He laughed, half to himself.

"A lot of my most creative moments happen while walking around the streets, humming to myself, and ideas come. Sometimes the words come first, then the music. Sometimes the music comes and I find the right words. Sometimes they happen at the same time."

He talks on.

"As I write, it usually comes out strictly Broadway show music, but with the right instrumentalists, it gets closer to folk rock music in the performance. Certainly the music to my 'Travels in Hungerland' is 'Godspell'-type music, which I think is still reaching all ages. Folk rock gets down to the basic roots of life for more people, while the harder rock music tends to change as the styles of rock change. That's why I feel 'Godspell' has not yet lost its appeal while 'Jesus Christ Superstar' was more of a passing style.

"As the title implies, my new musical was written to respond to the many hungers that everybody faces," explains the bearded pastor as he sits in the basement office of his historic First Moravian Church at the corner of 30th and Lexington in New York City.

"The lead character, whom I call The Wanderer, is exposed to the various hungers of the world, through other characters, known as The Revealers. At first, The Revealers show The Wanderer that he is not in touch with the world around him and then one by one they become the figures that meet him in the various areas of life and reveal each hunger to him.

"I have either musical numbers or sketch numbers that deal one after the other with the hunger for physical need — whether food, shelter, or whatever, the hunger for personal identity, the hunger for freedom, the hunger for love, the hunger for spiritual dimension, and the hunger for that unforgettable, silent, creative moment where you get in touch with yourself, the universe and God.

"The musical is basically trying to say that we need to be in touch with our own hungers as well as those of the world around us. And, ultimately, I'm saying we cannot do it on our own strength. We have to work hand in hand with the strength that God gives us in order to respond to the hungers of the world."

The author and composer, Rev. David M. Henkelmann, had been commissioned to write the musical, "Travels in Hungerland," as a climax to a six-day national convocation for Moravian youth held last month in Bethlehem, Pa.

"The theme of the convocation was 'We Are Five Loaves and Two Fish,' meaning that when we are gathered together as a multitude, Christ can then take us, even though we are few, and use us to feed many," explains Dave, as he is known to his acquaintenances.

The purpose of the Moravian youth convocation was a combination of inspiration, learning, and fellowship. The first national convocation was held in 1957 on the 500th anniversary of the Moravian Church, and it has been held every four or five years since at sites alternating between Bethlehem, Pa., Winston-Salem, N.C., and the Wisconsin area—centers of concentration of Moravians in the United States. The Convocation is aimed for youth 16 to 25 years of age.

For three days during this year's convocation, the more than 500 young people spread throughout the Bethlehem area to work in prisons, hospitals, nursing homes, and the like. Then for the rest of the convocation, they reflected on the meaning of these real-life experiences. And Dave's musical tied it all together on the closing day.

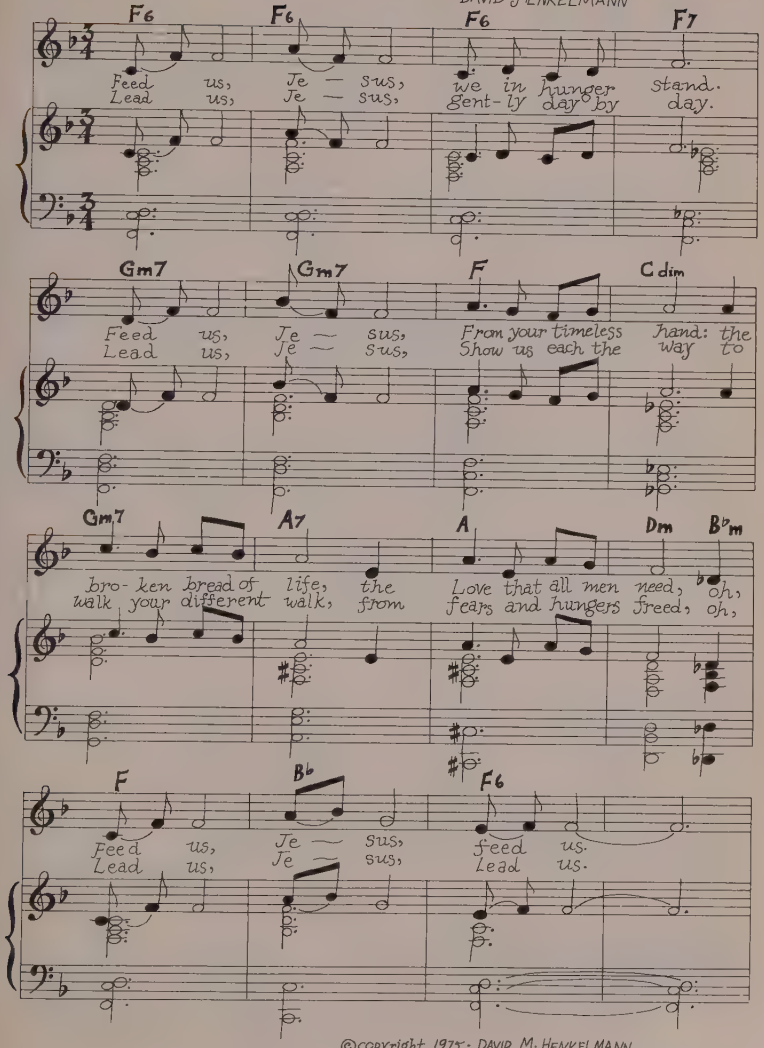
"Since we involve over 100 of the young people at the convocation in performing dances, choral numbers, and sketches in the actual production of the musical," said Dave, "it was hard to get the whole thing together in just three rehearsals during that week. So in advance we chose the seven lead characters and the musicians from the Bethlehem area so that they could rehearse prior to the convocation. That way a core group already knew most of the lines, the music, and the continuity."

One part of the musical showed

"the musical is saying that we need to be in touch with our own and the world's hungers."

FEED US, JESUS

Words and Music by
DAVID HENKELMANN



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slides of the youth "convoers" during their three-day experiences helping others. This meant fast developing of film and selecting of photos for projection.

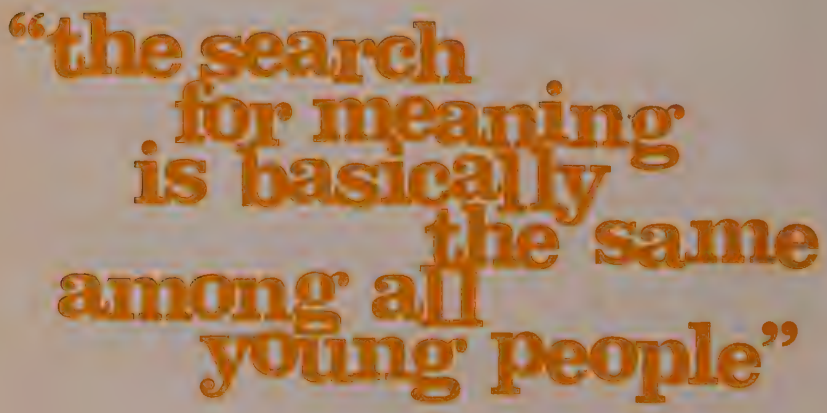
The final number in the musical involved the whole convocation singing "Feed Us, Jesus," and the symbolic breaking and sharing of bread.

"I had wanted 'Feed Us, Jesus,' to be an exceedingly simple song, so everyone could learn the words, hear it being sung, and get caught up with it during the week so that they could join in at the end of the musical and the convocation," Dave noted. And he added, "From the beginning of my writing this song, the rhyme and feel of 'Feed Us, Jesus,' compelled me to play with it in simple form until it worked."

This is the second musical Dave has done for the Moravian youth convocation. He's been composing since college and seminary days. "It's part of my ministry and it helps sustain me to a great extent."

With a wife who is a professional musician and with three teen-aged sons, Dave finds support at home. In fact, a favorite saying of his wife, Mell, was the inspiration for one of the numbers in his new musical. "She's always telling the boys about things you learn at your mother's knee and other joints, and suddenly all of the things you do or do not learn at your mother's knee took on new meaning. And so the song 'Mother of Us.'

"The search for meaning is basically the same among all young people," observes Dave. "It just dresses and speaks differently from person to person, place to place, generation to generation." □



What does "Have you been saved?" mean?

INSIDE THE BIBLE
A series by Frank H. Seilhamer

When I encounter persons who press me into a corner and ask me, "Brother, are you saved?" I often wonder if they really are in touch with what **they** mean when they ask that question. For a lot of people, the word "salvation" has a number of connotations, the most important of which refers to what happens to them **after the embalmer gets them.** For scads of people salvation has to do only with life after death.

If we are to understand what **Jesus** and the Bible meant when they used that term, we must remember that both came out of a Semitic world where salvation referred to the whole span of life, not just one "eternal" segment of it.

Jesus and the majority of the people who populated the pages of the Bible were Jews. All of the Apostles were Jews who made most of their first converts in synagogues and in cities with heavy Jewish populations. Even **Paul,** himself a Jew, went first to the synagogues to preach. When people first called these followers of Jesus "Christians" at Antioch, the term was a derisive one that caught them by surprise, for they thought of themselves as Jews

When we act to move someone into a "saved" relationship we must focus on life after birth as well as after death

who in the life, death and resurrection of their Lord **had seen the Messiah,** who had long been promised by God to the Jews. What the other Jews **waited** for, they knew **had come.** Through their experience with Christ, they had seen that God's promise of salvation had been realized in a profound and magnificent way.

Jesus was a Jew. Jesus' own teaching about what salvation meant came out of his own Jewish heritage. His common tongue was Aramaic, which is a Semitic dialect much like Hebrew. This common tongue which Jesus spoke drew much of its basic understanding from the Hebrew "thought" patterns and world views. From the Semitic understanding of life that **Jesus would have reflected as a Jew,** we must build **our** understanding of his message. So, if we are to recapture some of the meanings he would have had in view when he talked about salvation, then we must go back to try to recover some of the Semitic roots of the word.

This is the eighth in a series of articles on the Bible, based on questions asked by our readers and answered by Dr. Frank H. Seilhamer, President and Professor of Old Testament, Hamma School of Theology, Wittenberg University, Springfield, O.

The Hebrew word we translate "to save" is **Yashah.** In its root sense, **yashah** is a builder's term that means simply "to make spacious," "to set free," or "to push back the walls." If you look at the context in which that word is used in the Bible, you might be surprised to learn that nearly always it refers to people being saved from trouble or death in the here and now.

Save us from death. One of the places when **yashah** appears in the Bible is in the account of the Exodus story. Stop a moment, close yours eyes, and try to relive that great moment in history. The Jews were coming out of years of slavery. As they headed out into the wilderness, poorly armed and more a mob than a nation, they were being pursued by the mighty Egyptian army. After a hot pursuit the Israelites were caught between the sea on one side and the Egyptians on the other, faced with annihilation no matter which way they ran. It was then that they cried to the Lord, "Save us." When they called out those words they were not asking God to take care of them **after** the Egyptians killed them! They wanted to be saved **from** death, not **after** death. They wanted to have the **walls of danger** pushed back and space to escape opened up. And indeed that happened. The waters were rolled back so that they could flee and stay alive.

Sometimes the Bible refers to individuals as persons who make God's salvation become a reality. David is called a savior. Other persons who free other people up and save them from a predicament where they're threatened with death or pain could be called a savior or "saver." Because of that the Hebrew verb, **yashah** was made into a noun, i.e. the name of a person, place or thing. It appears in the personal Hebrew names of Jehoshua or Joshua, a rather common name among Hebrews!

Free the whole person. The term salvation, **yashah** in Hebrew and **soteria** in Greek has a broader meaning than most people give it. It frees people up. It has to do with the here and now in **all** elements of their life, as well as to do with the hereafter! Salvation is not something merely "spiritual" that does not take into consideration a person's material, present problems as well as the future in the next world. The Bible sees a person as a **total being,** all of which is in need of salvation.

Therefore, if you're going to talk about salvation in a Biblical sense, you must talk about freeing the whole being in the totality of his or her relationships. If God is active in doing that, then God is at work not just saving **parts** of individuals **after they're dead,** but God is busy saving the whole beings in all aspects of their lives.

You see, for the people of the Book, whether in the Old or the New Testaments, salvation has to do with saving persons not just after death but **now** as well.

Salvation is now. I believe that if you're going to follow the thought that Jesus had, then **we** are **not** going to be talking about salvation as though we are dealing with merely the "spiritual" dimension of an individual. We want others to know that "salvation" touches what happens to them in their everyday life at work, in school, at home, in the neighborhood, on the world scene, in oppression, in injustice, as well as to what occurs inside churches or Bible study group meetings. If we are to be Biblical, then to **be** interested in saving people means that we will get involved in trying to liberate our sisters and brothers in **all** elements of life. If we miss this dimension of salvation as a very **now**-oriented term, we lose a significant dimension that our Lord and the Scriptures saw as indispensible to it.

The accounts of the Old Testament prophets kept front and center what salvation really involves. When God tells Isaiah to "bring the good tidings to the afflicted . . . bind up the brokenhearted . . . proclaim liberty to the captives . . . and open the eyes of the blind" (Is. 61:1) he pointed to salvation **including, but not being limited to,** very physical things.

Jesus saw his ministry as caring for the physical as we as spiritual needs of people

Salvation is physical. A Jesus reflects that same sort mission to the whole person his life. His first acts when returned from 40 days in retre in the wilderness were to go on ministry of healing as well preaching. From the start he sa his ministry to include caring the physical as well as the "spi tual," needs of the people came to "save."

Not just you and God. What very important to keep in mi is the fact that the Bible tells that the God who saves includ in this work justice and loving ca for people here and now. God cal us to the same commitment whe we work to bring the reality salvation to those we meet. Ju as God, when we act to move brother or sister into a "**saved**" relationship, we must focus on **li after birth** as well as **life aft death.** This kind of trust will allow us to get into a neat litt exclusive triangle with the Lor saying "Now it's **you** and **m** God, right? It's just you and me If you are going to talk abo

salvation as the Bible does, you're going to be interested in open housing, in liberation of the oppressed, and in the freeing up of people in all areas of life. Then we will not be in danger of backing a person into a corner, asking, "Are you saved?" and then leaving him or her to try to answer that question while suffering through life alone. We will stand with them, and with God's help enable them to see that God's concern for them, which goes on into eternity, wraps itself around every moment and area of their lives, including the present one. □

A PRAYER
By Paul Washington

O, Almighty God,
author and creator of the universe,
the infinity of which our imagination cannot encompass,
the beauty of which our souls cannot behold,
the perfection of which our frailty has yet to grasp—
proud though we be, help us to be humble.

Spare us from humiliation.
Your image cries out for Truth,
our corrupt souls succumb to lies.
Our integrated bodies seek integrity,
in the body politic we do violence in our politics.
We cannot live unless we love
and yet we have a bent towards hell and self-destruction.

We, therefore, stand before you acknowledging
the dilemma which confuses us,
the dichotomy which makes us hypocrites,
and the contradictions which make liars of us all.

We fight wars to make peace.

We dehumanize the dehumanized to make them human.

We exploit the poor and blame them for their poverty.

We isolate the antisocial from society to make them more sociable.

We inflict violence upon the violent to rid us of violence.

We speak lies and decry the loss of our credibility.

We affirm the right of self-determination, but for ourselves
and no other.

We call ourselves great, but our goal is not greatness, but power
and control.

And, therefore, O God of Mercy,
as we point to the weaknesses of others,
as we ridicule mistakes,
condemn wrongs,
focus on frailties,
belittle smallnesses,
and dehumanize a faltering humanity,
help us to see in others ourselves,
help us to see our society as a projection of ourselves,
help us to understand that while our individual failings may differ
from one to the other,
we are thereby not better than they are.

And may this day be a day of great revelation—
a revelation of ourselves. Amen.

Rev. Paul Washington is pastor of Episcopal Church of the Advocate, Philadelphia

Wallowitch

Lay-deeze and Gentul-men!
Your Attention Please!
For Your Pleasure
and Amazement,
We Present in the Spotlight
High Above the Center Ring,
The Irresistible, Vivacious
And Incredible
Star of Our Show—

miss heidi

BY BILL JOYNER

This introduction is a dream in process of realization for Heidi Herriott, who travels and performs all over the U.S. with her family in the Hoxie Brothers Circus.

Heidi, at 14, is already a full-fledged performer, representing, along with her three talented sisters, Laura, Cindy and Amy, the fifth generation of show people in her family. The Herriott family, a major part of the Hoxie Circus for the current season, travels with their own fantastic menagerie of performing animals, including some of the best "high school" trained horses in the world, also ponies, poodles, a St. Bernard, and six mighty elephants!

When they're not on the road, the Herriotts live in Sarasota, a booming metropolitan community on Florida's Gulf Coast made famous as "the circus city" by the last of the great

---

Bill Joyner is a free-lance writer who works out of Sarasota, Fla.

The Herriott family is a remarkable circus in itself, featuring trained horses elephants and poodles, as well as the talents of the individual family members

"WE'RE A LOT CLOSER THAN MOST FAMILIES, BECAUSE WE LIVE AND WORK TOGETHER ALL THE TIME."

circus "kings," John Ringling.

We visited Heidi Herriott at her home a few days before she and her family joined the Hoxie Brothers Circus. She is a young woman with curly brownish hair, bright hazel eyes, and a perfect Shirley Temple smile. Comfortably seated on the carpet wearing a T-shirt and corduroy dungarees, she told us about her life in the circus as "Miss Heidi, Princess of the Air!"

Heidi would like to be an aerial superstar someday, after the style of her circus heroine, Lillian Lietzel, an incredibly popular and accomplished aerial artist of the 1920's. Right now, she is working in center ring acts on the aerial web and the suspended ladder; as the lead-off bareback rider in the "spec" parade; a the central person atop a mountain ous elephant in the grand finale plus a supportive performer through out the show.

Heidi has lived most of her 1 years "on the road" with her famou circus family, which has been featured series of acts with many o the greatest American shows, in cluding Ringling Brothers & Barnun & Bailey. She is already a vetera performer, a person in transition whose experiences and insights offe a unique perspective of her life in daily circus.

THE ROAD

In the pre-dawn hours, a heavil motorized convoy of bright red an

purple semis, trucks, and motorhome trailers is purring north out of Okeechobee, Fla., on Highway 98—the Hoxie Brothers Circus, a surrealistic wonder storm on wheels, bound for Sebring, 41 miles away.

The show is only five play dates into its season at this point, three of them having been at the University of Miami, where, according to Heidi, the horses couldn't perform because of the rock-surfaced ground area. But "they (the audience) were good clappers," she said.

Now it's another day, another show. The wheels are rolling north.

Heidi: We're really traveling most of the time; we move practically every day. Our "jumps" between towns are normally from one to two hundred miles. In Florida the jumps are shorter, but the pace is still fast.

Bill: Does the pace bother you?

Heidi: Sometimes it's hard to think about loading and unloading everything all the time, but you never get bored. You don't have time to be bored. And you're always meeting new people and experiencing new places.

Bill: Do you ever forget where you are?

Heidi: Oh, lots of times—when I don't keep up with the route card.

Bill: What about in terms of personal disorientation, losing your roots, so to speak?

Heidi: Well, we actually have more secure roots than most kids who are settled in one place. Moving all the time has helped us to be more flexible and open to change. Also, it has given us a great sense of responsibility. We're a lot closer than most families, because we live and work together all the time. We have family conferences where everyone votes on matters such as where we'll work for the coming season, and in these sessions we each have quite a bit of responsibility. We tend to mature more quickly this way, and it's a good feeling.

Bill: It's almost like a pioneer situation where every aspect of life was a shared family experience.

Heidi: Right.

THE TOWN

About 150 miles southwest of St. Augustine is Sebring, a town of roughly 8,000 persons, noted for the world-famous Sebring Auto Races.

Early in the morning an amazing transformation is taking place at the Sebring fairgrounds. Rolling in with the mist of day, a rumbling line of wonder machines invades an open, grassy field, as though from another, less possible universe.

A faint sound begins and builds on the lot, a sound of workmen talking and moving heavy equipment into place, of animals being unloaded and fed, and of performers coming awake to compare notes about the new town.

Heidi: Sometimes when you're in a really nice town talking to interesting kids your own age, you think

how exciting it would be to stay longer, maybe to live there and go to school.

Bill: But you wouldn't trade places, would you?

Heidi: Not for anything! I'd go crazy if I had to stay in one place all the time.

Bill: How do you handle school?

Heidi: We are taking regular courses with the Calvert Correspondence School and the American School. Next winter we may go back to a normal high school.

Now and then in the early afternoon as the Herriott animals are watered and other chores are carried out, miscellaneous people from the community wander through the backyard area where the performers live quite openly in motor homes and trailers. Both groups eye one another warily, as though examining the contours of a not-quite familiar species.

Heidi: We have some slang terms for kinds of people in the towns we visit. The most common one is just "townies." A phrase we sometimes use for local kids who come out to the circus and spend money like crazy is "town suckers." Some of the town kids have their slang terms for us, too. Usually it's "circus freaks." "Town punks" is what we call the real trouble makers, the ones who want to start fights.

Bill: Had any good fights lately?

"MOVING ALL THE TIME HAS HELPED US TO BE MORE FLEXIBLE AND OPEN TO CHANGE."

The Herriott sisters enjoy a few free moments with some of the family's trained dogs.

Heidi: Well, last year we had a really great one up in a rough section of New Jersey. The "town punks" who started it seemed beforehand to be very clean-cut and straight. They were poking at our elephants, and when one of the workmen tried to stop them, they started beating him up. We were badly outnumbered, but my mother and all of us grabbed elephant hooks and whatever else we could find in the way of weapons and got the best of them. When the police came, they blamed *us* for the fight, saying circus people always cause trouble.

Bill: Do you find a lot of prejudice against circus people?

Heidi: Well, some people toss around snide remarks at times, implying that we're unstable or loose characters. But the funny thing is that we're more stable than most of them. The circus is the best kind of general entertainment. There are no X-rated shows. And the circus has sort of established itself in America as a good, clean tradition. Ours is really quite a disciplined life. And very few circus kids are disoriented, because they have a sense of identity through their work. Too many people, even some who join the bigger shows, don't see circus life as a serious, disciplined art. They see it only in terms of thrills and laughs—which it is, of course, but it's much more to those of us who are making a life career of it. Also, the family life is very close, and the whole circus company is like a bigger family to which we belong. If someone isn't making it too well in their immediate family, there's always someone around whom they can relate to.

You know, the Amish people have responded very well to our shows. The circus is the only kind of entertainment that some of them are allowed to attend, and they usually seem very happy with what they see. Once there was concern in one of the Amish communities about the scantiness of our costumes, but that was a minor complaint.

THE TENT

Bold red letters on the side of the Hoxie Circus truck trailers claim that the show is "Under the World's Largest Round Top." This morning the elephants raised it right on cue, walking outward from the center with ropes positioned in such a way that the giant blue and white striped canvas emerged upward and into place around silver metal alloy pole supports. Now, from blocks around in mid-afternoon, the tent is seen towering above the ordinary structures of the area as a strange, inviting place. Light breezes waft inside and ripple along the surfaces in sleepy, billowing effects.

You walk inside, transported into a vast openness of filtered light, a cool, enveloping space where a few workmen are, along with some performers practicing for the evening show; otherwise, everything is open, empty, and eloquent with possibility. The band box stands ready with

sparkling instruments, five speakers suspended above it from ropes and swaying ever so slightly; low, yellow bleachers surround the center ring, looking on, waiting.

The great P. T. Barnum once said that nothing could be more compatible than the circus and the church, and standing underneath this great tent, I think, "He's right!" Nothing could be more celebrative, more elementally restorative, and more religious than the circus.

Bill: Heidi, do you ever think about religious aspects of the circus?

Heidi: Sure. We're members of a Lutheran Church, in Sarasota, but on the road it's a practical matter. A religious faith can give you inner confidence, which is very important to performers, because we have to develop a confident style of showmanship to survive as performers. It also can be a dangerous life at times. For instance, I fell off one of the big elephants two days ago. It was really scary. When he was supposed to stand with front feet against another elephant, he raised up too fast, and I fell against the ring curb, bruising myself pretty badly. You need all the confidence you can get.

Bill: What is a "religious person?"

Laura: Someone who knows what they want and where they're going. Jesus was like this, I think. He was content within himself, and no matter what they did to him, he still knew, he still believed in what he professed.

Heidi: I love churches, just because there's a certain beauty in being there. In a way, it's like being in a circus. The first thing I remember, from when I was one or two years old, is our family being in a church in Baraboo, Wis. I remember all four of us sitting there in cute little Easter dresses.

THE COME ON

Shadows lengthen as several sharply dressed men appear around the front entrance arranging the ticket booth, the side show exhibits, and other pre-show paraphernalia. Your mind tells you that there's nothing going on here more substantial than the popcorn and cotton candy being sold now at the concession stands, but, after all, it's a provisionary world where everything is possible, though not quite available. So you believe in the "Giant Killer Snake," "Princess Margaret — The Tiniest Person Alive," and "The Electric Girl Who Can Set a Torch Aflame With a Single Touch of Her Finger." A drum rolls out a staccatto tempo, and the side-show hawker launches into his spiel. Irresistibly, all around, an air of excitement builds. The circus wonder machine is warming up!

Heidi: I filled in for the Electric Girl in the side show once. You stand barefoot on a platform that is charged with about twice the power of household current. You're well-grounded, so it doesn't hurt

you, but there's enough electricity in you to ignite the gasoline-soaked torch when you touch it. Also, a light bulb will light up when touched by your finger.

I also did the snake act once, and substituted for "The Rubber Girl" in a trick box where I had to dodge 16 sword blades.

We feel a great deal of responsibility as contributors in these acts. For instance, in the side show we are paid the same as any other person who might be doing those acts. Regardless of our age, we have to take full responsibility for the jobs we do. There's no one we can put the blame on if it doesn't go well.

Not long ago I had a dream about this. It was after a bad day when my acts were kind of falling apart. In the dream, I hated myself for being so clumsy and asked myself why I couldn't go to somebody else, like my mother, for help. But when I awoke, I thought, "I can't go to someone else, because I am responsible within myself." I am myself—this was the point—and, therefore, I couldn't live through somebody else.

THE SHOW

Around the main entrance of the big blue and white tent events are drawing us inward for the four o'clock show. The circle of bleachers fills quickly with all of us. The Ringmaster, stylishly long-haired and dressed in a red tuxedo with tails, moves with elaborate assurance

"REGARDLESS OF OUR AGE, WE HAVE TO TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE JOBS WE DO."

Heidi and Cindy apply makeup before appearing under the big top.

around the band box area, checking last minute details. He picks up the portable mike, and with a voice masterfully calculated to evoke amazement, he begins: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Children of all Ages! The Hoxie Brothers Circus proudly presents the most complete, the most stupendous, and the most incomparable show under canvas today!"

With harness straps ablaze with bright spangles, a singularly striking horse enters the tent bearing a beautiful young woman standing smilingly on its back. She is attired in a green costume topped with a fluffy green headpiece extending several feet in the air. Heidi Herriott, strongly poised above the horse, waves her free hand to our wonder-struck smiles as she moves around the ring. We applaud. What else can we do! Heidi is followed by her sisters on horseback and in similar attire, then by the other 20 or so performers in the show, all of them costumed in brilliant kaleidoscopic colors.

What happens from this point on is a continuous flow of wonder and surprise, calibrated by the ceremonious resonance of the Ringmaster's voice and the steady, cascading rhythm of the band.

And interspersed all along the way, the Herriotts appear: as aerialists, as directors of poodles and ponies, as exquisitely precisioned horseback performers, and finally atop, around, and even beneath their mighty elephants.

Heidi is in the center, above a enormous elephant, whose job it i to lift himself into position betwee two other elephants, all of ther raised with front legs high in the ai —the same act she was injured i two days ago when she fell. Every thing is moving with dizzy speed a the huge animal lurches upward wit a violent, howling protest, almos dislodging his rider. But she is hold ing firm to the harness around th elephant's head, slightly startled b the unexpected fury of the move ment but laughing above the poss ible chaos below her. The elephar finds his position, and Heidi ex tends her arm to the audience in grand salute. The applause is like heavy, affirming rain of relief a around her!

The elephant act is the finale c the show, and the image of Hei Herriott poised dangerously abov this mountainous jungle beast, smi ing broadly into the applause of he audience, is a quintessential fra ment of fulfillment in her life as performer. We have the feeling tha no matter what else happens, sh will never be more beautifully an gracefully sure of herself than sh is at this moment.

THE AFTER GLOW

If you come to this very sp tomorrow, you will find only fai reminders of a miracle univer gone by in the night. Scattered po corn kernels spilled by the little gi who sat near you; some bright ren

Heidi is the lead performer in the "spec" parade at the beginning of the show.

"A RELIGIOUS FAITH CAN GIVE YOU INNER CONFIDENCE, WHICH IS VERY IMPORTANT TO OUR SURVIVAL AS PERFORMERS."

nants here and there of a big red balloon that went "poff!" during the show; and occasional signs of animal residue, left behind to nourish the grassroot dreams of Sebring.

The wonder storm itself is vanished and gone in the morning mist. Gone north toward the tired heartlands of America. Gone the long, glad convoy of brightly colored trailer trucks.

Gone also is Heidi Herriott with her perfect Shirley Temple smile, a rising star, twinkling and at home in a mobile firmament euphemistically known as "the circus."

Bill: So, how does it feel to be a "rolling stone?"

Heidi: Umm . . . really good. □

Handles on Hunger

Your special "hunger" issue (July-August) was the best one you've done in months. I read it from cover to cover. It's the kind of thing I could take to school and it would give a gang of my friends handles with which to grab hold of a major world problem that each of us can do something about. —T. A., West Chester, Pa.

Your July-August issue does not argue the case for getting involved in the problem of hunger. Instead, it tells what people are doing. Its approach is positive but yet realistic!

—D. S., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your July-August issue was most informative, accurate, and put the emphasis where I think it belongs—on students' involvement and participation. —B. K., Woodmere, N.Y.

Nice going on the hunger issue!

—C. L., Minneapolis, Minn.

Retreat to Learn

Your article about a "blind" retreat (June 1975) reminded me of a retreat my youth group had. It was a 24-hour fast, supervised by a member of CROP. Thirty-five of us were placed in the role of starving helpless children for 24 hours. We all wore jeans and denim work shirts to make us feel totally equal. We were rationed tiny cubes of high protein substitute, and allowed nothing else but water. Then we played many games—one was putting ourselves into a situation where we were totally paralyzed and had to communicate through eye contact with our partner that we wanted help to get up from a bed. This was a very moving experience. I think everyone should try both of these retreats.

—U. C., Springfield, Mo.

Joy and Profit

The May issue of YOUTH Magazine one of the most beautifully-balance issues I've seen. It's exactly what w all enjoy reading and profit by. I wa particularly interested in the "Karen article. It provided a credible image being an American who was of th future as well as absolute relevan right now. —R. S., Chicago, I

Questionable Taste?

On page six of the May 1975 issue your magazine I found the followin "Allison had problems . . .her butt w sore . . ." I was not offended by the u of the word "butt," but surely it w crude to use it. "Bottom" would ha sufficed. Was this an editorial slip a dismal attempt to spice up copy? the way, it was an excellent article!

—M. M., Medford Lakes, N

Yesterday my 15-year-old daugh brought home from Sunday School May issue of YOUTH. My daughter w offended by the cartoon on page which says, "Allison had problems . Her butt was sore . . ." So was the r of the family. To assume that everyo talks like this is wrong, and it is shame that people find it hard to fi decent words to express themselv There is enough of this language television and in the movies. It certainly unnecessary to put it in church publication for young peo to read. —F. R., Sidney,

TOUCH & GO

Protesting a Protest

Your April 1975 issue on Asian Americans was quite interesting, but I'd like to disagree slightly with Susan Okawara's article on the Pekin Chinks. Being an Illinois resident and a VERY avid basketball fan, I know what the Chinks mean to Illinois sports. They are an institution. Really, anyone who thinks the name is derogatory must have a persecution complex! The name Pekin is so similar to Peking, and with their geographic relationship, the name is a natural. Also, may I remind you that when this name was adopted, prejudice against Asian Americans was much stronger than it is now.

I think the name "Pekin Chinks" is an honor, not a degradation. And judging from the amount of press coverage the issue got here in the Quad-Cities area, many people feel the way I do. The vote of the Pekin students speaks for them. May I draw a few parallels: My school's hottest rival is the Moline Maroons. A Maroon, according to the **American Heritage Dictionary**, is "a fugitive slave or a descendant of such a slave." Is this offensive to any black readers? The professional baseball team, the Cincinnati Reds—does this name offend any readers of Russian or Indian extraction? Another rival of my school is the Rock Island Alleman Pioneers. If this is offensive, we're all in trouble—practically everyone has a pioneer or two in their ancestry.

Let's let the issue drop. I'm sure I speak for many Illinois sports fans of all races who hope the Pekin Chinks will continue as a downstate basketball power for many years to come—as the Chinks. —D. S., Silvis, Ill.

It's a Feeling Thing

Since I joined the Army in 1973, my hometown minister has kept sending me your magazine almost every month. I look forward to each issue and always find something that points at me and says, "Wow, that's how I feel too!" It always expresses feelings; feelings which are spoken from individuals that are just as normal (or just as crazy) as you and I. That's what turns me on the most when I read other people's writings. Keep up your beautiful work!

—M. M., APO San Francisco, Calif.

Not Christ-centered

I received my first edition of YOUTH and wish to inform you that I no longer wish to receive it. In my estimation it is not Christ-centered, and regardless of the fact that perhaps it is people and love-centered (as the Touch and Go letter stated), I feel that it is worth little in sharing the love of God to them on a personal basis and how important it is to dedicate our lives to God first and then to serving God and people second. —D. K., Lansing, Mich.

Pass It On

I have one copy of your magazine. It's a really great one and very interesting. I would like to subscribe if possible. I am an Athabaskan Indian and I live with my people in a small village here in the interior of Alaska. I could circulate the magazine and I'm sure everyone in this area will enjoy and learn new things. —B. T., Tok, Ak.

Helpful

Your magazine is really interesting, informative and encouraging in that it helps the young to shape their ideas and strengthen their directions.

—R. S., Los Angeles, Calif.

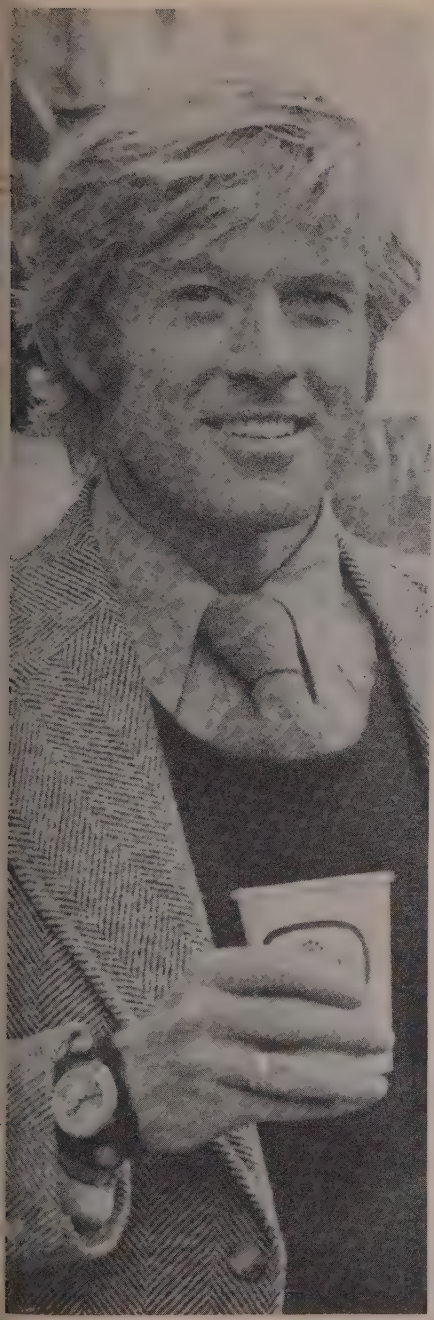
The shy superstar shows himself to be a man o
many moods and interests

ROBERT REDFORD

BY LEWIS ARCHIBALD

Robert Redford, superstar, is sprawled all over a couch in the trailer that serves as his make-up table, dressing room and sole refuge while he chases around the streets of New York shooting "The Three Days of the Condor," yet another spying-is-a-dirty-game film. Despite the fact that he looks anything but Hollywoodish in faded blue denims and a day's growth of beard, despite the fact that his doings in this part of town have been completely unheralded, he is greeted by a hail of flashbulbs and a welter of autograph pads every time he opens a door or peers out a window. Around the trailer people strain for a glimpse of those golden locks; one girl catching sight of little more than the back of his shaggy head, stand in virtual shock, her mouth agape her pointing hands frozen in the air It is a fairly typical day in Redford' professional life.

The man himself is rather pro fessionally calm about this para noia-inciting attention. Quite coo and a bit rueful about the fuss hi appearance can stir at ball game o benefit. Quite detached about th glamour and glossiness everybod else says he possesses. "If it wa more related to me as a person, might feel differently about it," h says, "But I feel there are really tw different people. It's that person o the screen that people stand ou side a building to see, and com here to see. I don't feel it's me."



Redford relaxes on location during the filming of "The Three Days of the Condor."

Fair enough. For the purpose of these few pages then accept as a hypothesis that there are two Robert Redfords. The overwhelmingly handsome and equally self-confident man on the screen and the somewhat shier, more individualistic and questing soul behind that makeup. The public Redford is made up of all those performances, while only a few of those performances reveal a bit of the private one.

If anything the movie-going public has had almost too much of the public Redford in recent years. There was the Sundance Kid, Jay Gatsby and the Downhill Racer not to mention one half of the confidence team in "The Sting" and the romantic team in "The Way We Were." And then there was "Jeremiah Johnson," "The Candidate" and "Little Fauss and Big Halsy." Currently Redford can be seen as a by no means humble barnstorming pilot who calls himself "The Great Waldo Pepper" and a CIA agent caught up in some exceedingly nasty in-fighting in the previously

Lewis Archibald is a free-lance writer who has written previously for *SHOW* magazine as well as *YOUTH*.

"Barefoot In the Park" was one of Redford's earliest films.

mentioned "Condor." And he's been filling up the gossip columns and news broadcasts with chatter while he films the best-selling Watergate work, "All the President's Men."

What is surprising about all this is that the parts themselves do not encompass a particularly wide range. Nor were they, in many cases, particularly difficult roles. Redford no longer gets involved in a movie project because of the excellence or diversity of his own particular part "though when I first started as an actor in films, I did choose the role. But now I will choose a picture as a project more than as a role." And he readily admits that "a lot of the parts I've had are not good actin parts so I haven't done a lot o things yet as an actor. I've gone fo the project and used the characte I was playing to feed the meat o the project."

Thus it really shouldn't be s surprising that so many of Redford' films are basically alike, that s many of them distill down to ident ical themes and happenings. Th Sundance Kid trying to stay on step ahead of a society too strait laced and preventive to suit him The tough scrappy Downhill Race trying to make it in an athletic fiel where the college-trained elite ar kings and the rewards are fleetin

The plots of Redford's films usually turn on his love-hate relationship with society

Jeremiah Johnson determined to learn how to be a mountain man and the naive political candidate learning how to sell his soul in order to be elected. Jay Gatsby, the suddenly wealthy bootlegger (he could be the Redford character from "The Sting" five years later) longing to cloak himself in the romance and respectability of privileged Long Island society, no matter how fake and tawdry it turns out to be.

Redford always plays outsiders. Be they daredevils, individualists or just naive, his characters always start out as outsiders and often end up that way too. And the plots of his films usually turn upon his love-hate relationship with society, his interest (in the lighter films) in thumbing his nose at it and rooking it good or (in the heavier films) in educating himself to the point that he can become assimilated by it. One reason why Redford is so good —and so popular—in the lighter "caper" films like "Butch Cassidy," "The Hot Rock," and "The Sting" is that these stories do reflect a trait of audacity found in his own character. As a teenager he undertook a number of minor capers involving about equal parts of ingenuity and agility—one was to climb the large sign of the Fox Village Theatre in Los Angeles and remove enough light bulbs to rechristen it Ox Village—and he often gives the impression that he'd like to abandon everything right now at this very moment to play some more games like that. Still he himself seems to strongly prefer his more serious films, particularly the one that is arguably his best, "Jeremiah Johnson"; he reserves his sharpest criticism for his most successful works.

To wit: "Paul Newman described 'Butch Cassidy' better than anyone I've ever heard. He says it's an adult fairy tale. I think that puts it pretty well, and I think there's a lot missing. I saw it on a plane recently, and I didn't like it at all. It seemed shallow to me, pretty thin going."

On "The Way We Were," the film that really catapulted Redford to super stardom, he is even more negative. "It was very unreal in many ways, very precious and cute in spots which made it just very unattractive, at least for me. My character wasn't a person. He was a figment. A Sir Lancelot. I didn't get

"Action doesn't always have to be bodies hurling through space. It can be the way one person cuts another out of the action."

what I wanted with that project. It was a terrible experience."

That accent on glossiness that was so developed in "The Way We Were" is the public Redford's biggest attribute—but it is one of the private Redford's bigger scourges. For he does not consider himself particularly handsome. "There isn't anything unusual about my looks," he said during a previous interview and he repeated that here. "You get labeled as being glamourous or attractive or the All-American boy or whatever and then it hurts the character you might be playing if it's not somebody who's like that. Like Gatsby. That was a problem."

Redford is also quick to admit that it's an equal problem for "All the President's Men" in which he is playing one of the two neophyte Washington reporters who uncovered the Watergate scandals almost single-handedly. "First of all I'm actually too old for the part by seven years," Redford admits. "And I think the picture might have worked better as a story with two unknowns. My being known is not going to help my credibility as an unknown reporter. But then again it's a challenge."

Redford's views on the project it self run along somewhat simila lines to the outlook of his earlie films; he sees the film as about tw outsiders investigating one of th most complex and sinister "inside jobs yet uncovered in politics. "The were two little people," he say about the reportorial duo, "tw moles underground digging away and it seemed to be a terrific rela tionship. I'm always attracted to th action in a project. Or where th action is in something that seems t imply no action. Like politics. Lik business. Like the press. Where i the action really there? Actio doesn't always have to be bodie hurling through space. Action ca just be the way one person cu another out of the action. That action if it's done right. And it's in teresting to me."

Indeed a great many things u ually interest Redford about an film he's working on—which ma help explain why his roles so ofte don't seem to be as good as the should be. He has generated an produced a number of the films he appeared in himself—"The Cand

Warner Bros., Inc.

Redford's roles range from rugged individualist in "Jeremiah Johnson" to slick politician in "The Candidate."

Columbia Pictures

The more glamorous roles in "Gatsby" and "The Way We Were" earned Redford his position as superstar.

One reason Redford is so good in the "caper" films s that they reflect an audacity in his own character

date," "Jeremiah Johnson," and "All the President's Men"—and he has been known to dabble in so many of the various production aspects himself that a number of voluminous Hollywood egos have been bruised. It's not hard to see that the whole working progress of a film is what gives Redford his best feeling of creativity.

"It's what I do on the screen or in a play that transmits the strongest message," he says. "The actual working, the moments of satisfaction that come from the creative process of a rehearsal, that's the best of it. The awards and even the money, the glamour, the fame, the attention isn't worth anything to what the thrill of the experience is, of doing it. Work is best."

"There's something that happened on 'Jeremiah Johnson' that illustrates what I mean. Sydney (Pollock, the director) and I did a lot of talking before that one. We sat locked up in offices and homes and everywhere, trying to put this movie together. Trying to work out problems, what to do with this scene, how to make it all happen. It was really exciting. And maddening. Talk, talk, talk, talk. We kept on coming up against the same problems. And an odd thing happened. We got on the set up in the mountains with no real story to go with and no real character to bounce off of. And we stopped talking. And we never talked through the rest of the movie. It just happened. We had started to make the film and talk just had no place. It had to be done and in the doing we found out what it was. As we did it things fell into place. And we realized the talk had been helpful, was necessary, but nothing was going to replace the actual doing of it. It was going to be an instinctive experience for both of us. The film was born out of the doing. It was a felt experience which is one reason why I like the film so much. It was a reflection of an experience. Some films aren't."

That's pretty much the public Redford. The working Redford. What you see on the screen. What interviewers see is somewhat different (and what his friends and family see is no doubt more different still). For one thing the private Redford is quite truthful when he asserts that he's not a particularly

Redford chooses a picture as a projec more than for his role in

handsome man. He's not. And it's not just because his skin is a bit pockmarked and by now just a little leathery. It's mostly because he himself doesn't want to be. In person there is none of that gloss that's so apparent on the screen, none of that excessive count-these-pearly-teeth exaggerations that so many actors affect. Part of Redford's very real charm is his seeming lack of pretense, his lack of a false front. He seems steady; he seems considerate; he seems thoughtful, with a chameleon-like sense of humor that allows him to enjoy private jokes without really antagonizing or hurting the sources of them.

You've probably already read the important statistics about him. He was raised in a suburb of Los Angeles in the days when suburbs of Los Angeles could still contain a good proportion of orange groves and avocado trees. (And that settled nature of his youth seems to be one reason why he is anxious for his own children to have a life completely out of the limelight, to have roots). After the aforementioned high-jinks as a teenager and some serious grappling with painting as a young adult, he came to acting almost b chance. But he stayed there.

"Barefoot in the Park" made hi a star on Broadway. The film ver ion of that Neil Simon hit plu several other movies got him know in Hollywood. "Butch Cassidy" g his face on the cover of *LIFE* wi all the attendant glories thereof ar "The Way We Were" sent him ov the top of the popularity polls. H last five or six films haven't real dimmed that star though the haven't added to the shine all th much either. Throughout Redfo has confounded cynics and di pleased gossips by staying happi devoted to his wife and kids and l spending his time not at premier and in night clubs but in his priva home deep in the Utah mountai around the area where "Jeremi Johnson" was filmed.

Indeed his one other great inte est apart from films and acting h been this home which he built hi self before and after the Broadw run of "Barefoot." Originally it w meant as a refuge. Now the are named Sundance, with pardonab modesty, has become half ski lod half residential community, develo

Redford played a barnstorming pilot in "The Great Waldo Pepper."

ed by Redford when it became apparant that either he would have to do it or let it go to taxes and other developers. A man who carefully guarded his privacy and his values anyway, Redford's stardom seems to have reinforced this determination tenfold, made him all the more intent on having at least some place where the public Redford need never have to show himself.

Though Redford parries any questions about how he keeps his values intact by pointing out that "I really believe in change—the only thing that endures is change," there is also a rather keen nostalgia for things he used to do that his celebrity status now denies him, for contacts that he used to be able to make when his face was on an equal basis with everybody else's in the crowd. He speaks heartily of old basic pleasures that are now mostly unavailable. Like walking.

"What I would like," he says, "has not got to do with parties or social events or premieres. It's got to do with walking around the city and watching people, with going in and out of places you want to go to. Entertainment used to come in the form of walking here and there. I remember we used to take the subway all around the loop and up. Take the IRT and just ride it. It

"The awards, money, glamour, fame and attention isn worth anything to what the thrill of the experien of doing it is. Work is best

was kinda fun. And that was entertainment. Walking down Fifth Avenue. There was a lot of walking that was entertainment because it had to be entertainment. But it was entertainment too. I just can't do that now. People are looking at me."

Redford's nostalgia goes beyond a simple sentimentality for years gone by into an appreciation of what those years taught him. He will confess to having "liked being poor" in his pre-Broadway days because "I think I learned most of what I know then. Nobody gave me a chance then. People kicked you out of the way. And if you were testy-natured as I was and didn't like it and you were brushed aside and didn't mean anything and you saw people look past you when you didn't mean anything and focus on the person who had the money, you remember those times. You remember how it felt. There was something enjoyable about accumulating all those emotional responses. They test you and I believe in testing. I'm more of a prisoner now. I have less options. It's tougher to walk out."

But what Redford has found since those days is "a contentment that comes with thinking maybe yo instincts have been right. Someo said you should do this and yo instincts said you should do th Play it that way. Go into that care And now those instincts are beari a kind of fruit. The fruit of acce ance. Obviously the general pub seems to be accepting a lot of Not all of it. A lot of it. Which giv you the confidence that maybe yo instincts are right."

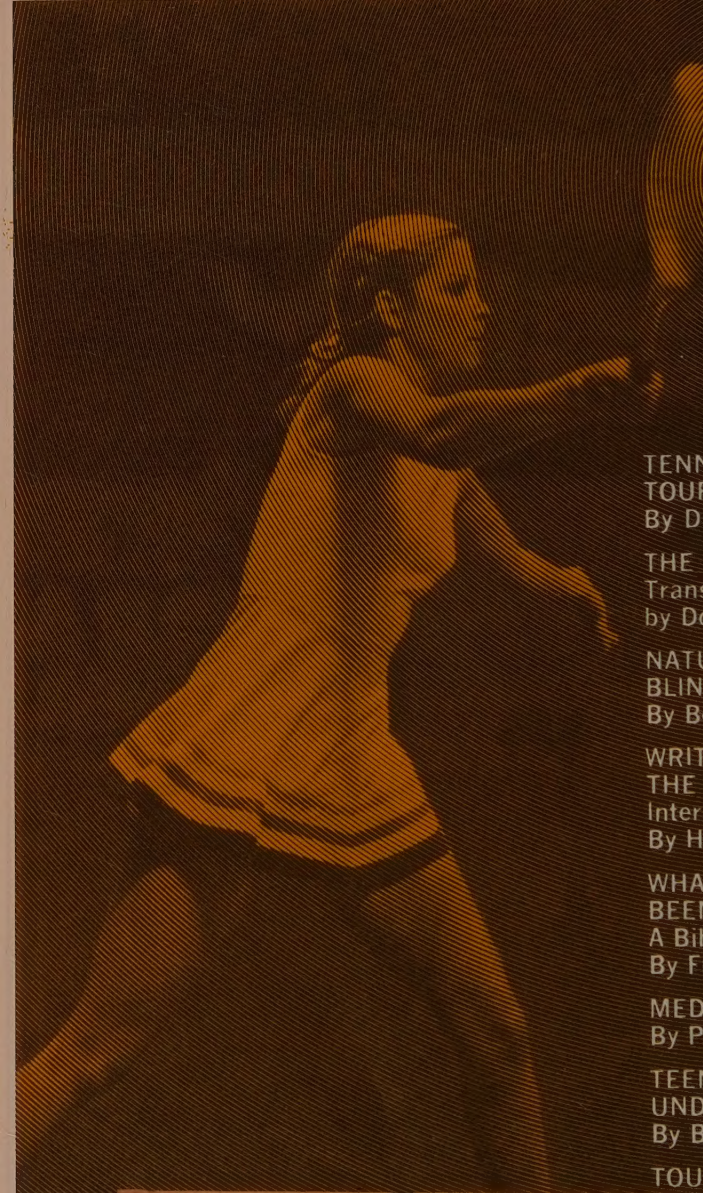
That's something of the priv Redford then. A bit of a groper. bit of a self-doubter at times. man who like all of us looks bac ward with a little fondness and f wards with a little hesitation. A m who will admit — perhaps ov admit—"I'm almost a manic pressive and get into such lou rotten moods that I should just be around anyone." Which is to a human being who eats and sle and over-worries like the rest of Rather removed in fact from t blond behemoth now being so firm cemented onto a pedestal by public.

The contrast between the reas ably carefree and almost always command image that Redford p

In "All the President's Men" Redford plays one of the two reporters who broke open the Watergate investigation.

jects on film and the man he sees himself to be is a chasm wide enough to interest Evel Knievel. In Redford's best films—"Jeremiah Johnson," "The Downhill Racer"—and in his best performance as the raunchy egotistic motorcycle rider in "Little Fauss and Big Halsy," he can develop his basic image to the point where the indecisions, the tenuousness and the human pain of even the best looking and most carefree of characters come magnificently through. But Robert Redford still knows that he has been most applauded for and that his basic reputation rests upon those less discerning more Hollywoodish roles like Sundance and the Prince Charming of "The Way We Were." And this seems to be a deep bother.

"I've very sure that I'm not at all like I seem," he'll say much as any of us would. But he'll go a little further. Alone almost among the Hollywood stars, Robert Redford seems concerned with obscuring his shine. "There's really a lot I don't know," he stresses. "I hope I don't sound overconfident because I really don't know a lot. But I don't mind not knowing a lot. I look forward to that. That's what sort of gets you up tomorrow—not knowing. I think if I knew it all I couldn't get up." □



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